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Written by

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EXT. POWDER KEG FARMS - MORNING

SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE OF GALVESTON, TEXAS. 1978.

An old FARMHOUSE looms on a patch of private property, surrounded by hundreds of acres of rural countryside.

POLICE CARS pepper the lawn and a BODY lies covered by a tarp at the base of the front porch.

SHERIFF DENTLER (50s), an African American former Texas Ranger, surveys the scene. He covers his nose with a handkerchief and peeks at the body.

Repulsed by what he finds, he turns to the house and walks up the blood splattered front steps, passing a HATCHET stuck in the wood.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - MORNING

Sheriff Dentler steps through the ripped screen door. Inside is a continuation of the horrific crime scene. Two more covered BODIES lie next to a cracked television.

On the TV, a TELEVANGELIST preaches from his pulpit, surrounded by gaudy biblical iconography.

TELEVANGALIST
In dark times such as these we must all remember to look to the Lord for guidance. Submit yourselves, then, to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. I regret to say I've seen the powers of Satan first hand. Our own daughter was taken from us by perverts and swindlers.

OFFICER MITCHELL
Sheriff?

He turns to the young officer standing in the kitchen.

OFFICER MITCHELL (CONT'D)
You really oughta come take a look at this...

INT. MAIN HOUSE - CELLAR - MORNING

Officer Mitchell leads Sheriff Dentler down into the cellar. He shines a flashlight across the room, revealing something horrific (*that only they see*).

OFFICER MITCHELL
(disturbed)
What in God's name happened here?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAYOU BURLESQUE - DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

MAXINE MINX (20s) sits at a vanity mirror cutting up a line of COCAINE. She's barely covered in a striped tube top and daisy dukes, with large, birthmark-like patches of freckles covering half of her face.

She snorts a big hit before being startled by **WAYNE GILROY (40s)**, the owner of the club, watching her from the doorway. He is a Lone Star State serial entrepreneur, with near-perfect Joe Namath hair.

WAYNE
Go easy on that stuff. They say too much of a good thing can kill you.

She rubs the remaining cocaine on her gums as he walks up behind her.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Gimme some sugar.

He leans in and kisses her and then looks at her reflection in the mirror. He pulls her hair away from her face.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
So beautiful. Ain't nobody else like you.

She smiles.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Giddy up. Time is money.

He walks out and leaves her to finishing applying her pale blue eyeshadow. She slips the vial of cocaine in her bag, and looks at herself in the mirror, delivering a powerful affirmation:

MAXINE
You're a fucking sex symbol.

EXT. BAYOU BURLESQUE - MORNING

BAYOU BURLESQUE: A pitiful strip joint along an industrial highway landmarked by its mediocre wall mural of an ALLIGATOR BITING THE UNDERWEAR OF A SURPRISED WOMAN (a sleazy play on the Coppertone baby).

From out of the side door exits the woman from the painting. **"BODACIOUS" BOBBY-LYNNE PARKER (30s).** A larger than life, Texas-born-and-bread, buxom blonde bombshell. She moves with purpose in her platform shoes while clutching cheap suitcases.

Moments later, Wayne and Maxine exit from the same door and he locks it behind them. He lights a cigar and heads to a nearby VAN where Bobby-Lynne and Maxine have already gone inside.

The interior of the vehicle has been converted into a carpeted hang-out and the outside is printed with the words: **PLOWING SERVICE.**

Wayne climbs in the driver's seat, starts the engine and pulls out onto the road, passing the various warehouses and oil fields surrounding the rundown strip club.

The radio provides a happening soundtrack of GROOVIN' 70's FUNK MUSIC (affectionately known as "porn music")

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GALVESTON CAUSEWAY - MORNING

The van speeds across the bridge, blowing past all the right-lane traffic and leaving Houston in its rearview.

INT. VAN - MORNING

RJ NICHOLS (20s), a heavy set college student with glasses, hands out stacks of RING-PUNCHED PAPERS to the others in the van.

He is squeezed into the back with his mousey Hispanic girlfriend **LORAINE DAY (20s)** who is clothed far more conservatively than the rest of the bunch - *complete with a tiny gold crucifix dangling from her neck.*

JACKSON HOLE (30s), a mustached gigolo. Handsome, hairy-chested and dressed in the tightest wardrobe south of the Mason Dixon line, he empties out a bag of marijuana onto the pages.

Bobby-Lynne passes the last stack to Maxine who sits shotgun with her legs up on the dash, painting her toenails to match her pale blue eyeshadow.

She looks down at the cover page. It's a **MOVIE SCRIPT.**

Maxine reads the title out loud in her thick Texas accent. *(Everyone in the van shares the same regional dialect)*

MAXINE
The Farmer's Daughters.

Bobby-Lynne begins flipping through for her part.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Hot damn! There I am! Look-it!

She shows it to Jackson who is already busy rolling a JOINT.

JACKSON
Far out.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Hollywood here we come.

Wayne shakes his head.

WAYNE
We don't need Hollywood. These pictures turn regular folks into stars. We're gonna do it all ourselves right here in Texas.

He looks in the rear view mirror at RJ.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Ain't that right, RJ?

RJ
Yes, sir.

WAYNE
It's finally a level playing field for people like us.

RJ smiles proudly at Lorraine, who seems unconvinced by this questionable group.

BOBBY-LYNNE
I don't know, Wayne, that sounds an awful lot like what you said about the topless car wash, remember that?

Bobby-Lynne and Maxine laugh - *having been a part of that failed venture together.*

WAYNE
Had the IRS not had a Goddamn personal vendetta against me that would have panned out beautifully.

Bobby-Lynne rolls her eyes.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Mmhmm...Well, you know I'm always game. My American dream is not unreasonable. I just want a paid-for house with a big ole pool so I can float around with my knees in the breeze and tan my titties.

Maxine laughs and looks back at Bobby-Lynne.

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
People spend a lot of money to look at what God gave me. Be a sin not to take care of them.

JACKSON
Yes it would.

He hands her a lit joint.

BOBBY-LYNNE
What about you, Maxine? What's your American dream?

Maxine thinks about Bobby-Lynne's ideal future and what her own might be...

MAXINE
(beat)
Never ending up like my parents.

JACKSON
I don't know what your parents do for a living, but I hope it ain't nothing like this.

Wayne laughs.

WAYNE
That's for damn sure.

Maxine cringes.

MAXINE
I don't want to picture that...

They all laugh at the unpleasant idea of their parents following in their footsteps...

EXT. GAS STATION MARKET - DAY

The van pulls off of a country road and stops at the gas pump in front of a small, tin-roofed market.

INT. GAS STATION MARKET - DAY

A BELL JINGLES above the door and Wayne and Maxine walk inside. Wayne grabs a basket and searches the dust-covered aisles for supplies.

WAYNE
If this kid I picked up from the University can put it together like he says...our lives are about to change. We do even half the numbers "Debbie Does Dallas" did and I'm out of the red for good.

MAXINE
Hell, let's make a movie a week, then.

WAYNE
Patience, my darlin'.

MAXINE
I've been being patient my whole life.

WAYNE
Well, that's the thing about being patient...

MAXINE
I need to be famous, Wayne. All the best people are. I'm ready for the high life.

WAYNE
Help me keep those jokers in line out there and I'll make sure you get everything your heart desires.

MAXINE
You better. I want the whole world to know my name. Like Lynda Carter or some shit.

WAYNE
Trust me. Pretty soon everyone with a pulse is gonna want a piece of Maxine Minx. You're something special. You got that X factor.

MAXINE
Fuckin' A Right.

While Wayne continues to shop, Maxine looks out the window. The others are getting out of the van and setting up to film Jackson pumping gas. Maxine's gaze zeroes in on Lorraine.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
I don't like his girlfriend.

WAYNE
(teasing)
You don't like anybody's girlfriend.

MAXINE
She hardly says a word. She just stares at everyone.

WAYNE
She's shy. She ain't probably never seen nothing like us before.

MAXINE
People who stare give me the heebie-jeebies.

WAYNE
Better get used to it if you're gonna be in pictures.

EXT. GAS STATION MARKET - DAY

RJ is busy preparing to film Jackson filling up the van with gas. Jackson is dressed in a POWDER BLUE SUIT, SUNGLASSES and COWBOY HAT. Lorraine holds a BOOM POLE and Bobby-Lynne observes.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Your little boyfriend is cute. You help him with all his films?

LORRAINE
(timid)
Sometimes, yeah.

Lorraine looks at Jackson as he struts to the gas pump. *She'd never admit it but she finds him handsome.*

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Is he your boyfriend?

Bobby-Lynne thinks for a moment--

BOBBY-LYNNE
(beat)
Sometimes, yeah.

Bobby-Lynne looks on, intrigued, as Jackson surveys his whereabouts while pumping the gas. She flips through the script trying to find the current scene.

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
How come you don't film none of this in order?

RJ
Once we have everything in the can we can re-arrange it however we want.

BOBBY-LYNNE
No shit...

RJ
I actually intend on giving the film's editing a certain sense of the avant-garde. Like they do in Europe. It's classier that way, and a good trick to disguise the low budget.

Bobby-Lynne nods and watches closely, analyzing his camera work.

BOBBY-LYNNE
You know, if you tilt the camera up from the nozzle it'll look like he's using his cock.

RJ looks back at her, surprised to hear advice. He ponders for a moment and then steps in and lowers the camera.

16MM FOOTAGE OF - The frame tilting up from the phallic pump to Jackson's face as he looks satisfied. *Bobby-Lynne was right. It's a great shot.*

Impressed, RJ lowers the camera and turns back to Bobby-Lynne. *She throws her hands up like it's no big thing and proudly looks over at Lorraine, who is not as enthused by their flirtation.*

INT. GAS STATION MARKET - DAY

Wayne and Maxine finish shopping.

MAXINE
Why couldn't we do all this in Houston? Ain't they got plenty of farms?

WAYNE
This county raised property taxes. Left a lot of people behind. A little bit of cash goes a long way out here. Most older folks can't compete with the bigger outfits no more.

He points to a board on the wall with a collage of signs that read: "ROOMS FOR RENT" "DIRT FOR SALE" "EQUIPMENT STORAGE SPACE." ETC.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
We ain't the only ones trying to make a buck.

Wayne drops their pile of groceries on the counter. All the essentials: CEREAL, CHIPS, BEER, MILK, BREAD, AND BOLOGNA.

Behind the register, a middle-aged female ATTENDANT is focused on the Televangalist preaching from a small antenna TV. Maxine is uncomfortable with the programming.

TELEVANGALIST
Kidnappers, murderers, sex fiends...All the result of our increasingly secular society. Turn away from temptation now or expect no mercy. Remember what happened in Sodom and Gomorrah.

WAYNE
Besides, it ain't exactly something I wanna advertise around town. You know how some people can get when it comes to sex.

He winks at the attendant ringing them up.

EXT. GAS STATION MARKET - DAY

Wayne and Maxine walk out carrying the paper grocery bags.

WAYNE
You get what we needed?

RJ
(excited)
Oh, I got it.

BOBBY-LYNNE
With my help. What about the smokes?

Wayne reaches in the bag searching for cigarettes.

WAYNE
How's the script?

BOBBY-LYNNE
I don't know. I guess it's good. Does it matter?

WAYNE
Hey, don't bring down the vibe of a good investment. Negativity attracts negative results. Remember that.

He tosses her a PACK OF WINSTONS and walks off to the van.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Winstons? You know I smoke Old Golds.

Wayne doesn't wanna hear it.

WAYNE
That's all they had.

BOBBY-LYNNE
(teasing)
I'm calling my agent!

MAXINE
(to Bobby-Lynne)
Just get back in the van.

Maxine follows Wayne as Bobby-Lynne shoots her a subtle *"don't tell me what to do"* look.

INT. GAS STATION MARKET - DAY

The attendant peers through the window and watches the crew as they file back into the vehicle. *The sound of the Televangelist becomes the only soundtrack as they pull out of the lot.*

TELEVANGALIST
The deviants are already amongst us. Hiding in plain sight. Waiting for our sons and daughters. Heed thy warnings and repent before it is too late. He may be a forgiving God...but every man has got his limits...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

The van travels deeper into the barren countryside off of the Gulf, passing various marshlands, thinning palms, and abandoned structures.

A POLICE CAR blocks the two-lane road in front of a MACK TRUCK which is stuck cockeyed in a ditch.

WAYNE
Must be a bad wreck...

Wayne pulls up to the scene and Officer Mitchell *(from the opening scene)* slowly waves them on by. As Wayne eases past several POLICE OFFICERS and ROAD FLARES, he and Maxine finally get a glimpse of what it's all about.

SHE TURNS AWAY IN DISGUST--

Her reaction causes the others in the back to perk up. They crane their necks to see out of the windows.

BOBBY-LYNNE
What is it?

WAYNE
Don't look.

A cow wandered through the fence and onto the road. All that is left is an explosion of gore around the dented front grill of the truck.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Just when you thought you'd escaped the slaughterhouse...

RJ pokes his head into the front seat and points his camera, capturing the scene. Wayne pushes his lens down.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
What's the matter with you? Don't nobody wanna look at that.

BOBBY-LYNNE
That's right, they wanna see these.

Bobby-Lynne shakes her breasts and RJ turns around to film her. Just as she pulls her top down to reveal--

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

THE VAN TIRES BUMP OVER SQUISHY CHUNKS OF COW GORE.

WAYNE
Knock it off you two. Save it for the scenes. Film ain't cheap.

BOBBY-LYNNE
(mocking offense)
I ain't cheap neither.

Jackson proudly chimes in.

JACKSON
I am.

Bobby-Lynne turns back to him, charmed.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Yes, you are, Mongo. Cheap and tasty.

She leans in to kiss him and the crew continues off down the road, passing Sheriff Dentler just as he is getting out of his car.

He spits a wad of tobacco on the ground and looks at Officer Mitchell, who is scooping up the cow's remains with a shovel.

EXT. POWDER KEG FARMS - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The van turns off the road and passes numerous hand-painted PRIVATE PROPERTY signs on the way to POWDER KEG FARMS.

WAYNE
This is it...

INT. VAN - DAY

They drive through a large clearing where the entire property is finally visible.

WAYNE
(to RJ)
Our own studio backlot.

RJ looks out the window at the sprawling, picturesque farm. He is impressed with it's beauty.

RJ
It's really gonna add a lot of production value.

EXT. POWDER KEG FARMS - DAY

They pull to a stop next to a rusted old PICK-UP TRUCK.

WAYNE
Y'all stay put while I go and handle business right quick.

He hops out of the van, tightens his belt then spits in his palm and fixes his hair as he makes his way towards the front porch.

INT. VAN - DAY

RJ is fixated on something outside the window and scoots forward with his camera. He opens the door and points the camera out at the horizon. Maxine turns back to him with a sudden authority.

MAXINE
Didn't you hear what Wayne just said? He said to stay put.

RJ
The sun is perfect right now. We need establishing shots of the location for transitions between scenes.

BOBBY-LYNNE
It's for the editing. It's avant-garde.

MAXINE
Last I checked you weren't paying for none of this.
(MORE)

MAXINE (CONT'D)
You wanna shoot pictures of grass growing you do it on your own dime.

RJ lowers the camera.

BOBBY-LYNNE
(playful)
Ooh, you got in trouble.

RJ turns and sees Bobby-Lynne and Jackson laughing. Bobby-Lynne rubs her fingers together.

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
Tsk Tsk.

Maxine turns back.

MAXINE
Quit it.

Bobby-Lynne stops.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Yes, Momma.

She turns back into Jackson's arms as a frustrated RJ shuts the door.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Wayne's cowboy boots clunk across an undamaged and bloodless front porch. He casually approaches the door, KNOCKS *"shave and a hair cut"*, and waits--

INT. MAIN HOUSE - DAY

INSIDE *- Something is stirring - Growing - Like a paranormal presence...*

A DRIFTING "**POINT-OF-VIEW**" BELONGING TO A MYSTERIOUS INHABITANT - SLOWLY MOVING CLOSER TO WHERE WAYNE IS WAITING...

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Wayne impatiently looks around until--

GRAVELLY OLD VOICE
(from inside)
Who's there?

He turns back to the door, but doesn't see anyone. He cups his hands over the screen and tries to get a glimpse of who was speaking.

WAYNE
Uh, yes, sir. It's Wayne Gilroy. We spoke on the telephone.

INT. VAN - DAY

RJ flops back in his seat next to Lorraine. He's obviously disappointed. Bobby-Lynne and Jackson are now making out heavily. Lorraine watches on as Jackson grips a handful of Bobby-Lynne's breasts.

LORRAINE
(whispered to RJ)
This wasn't what I had in mind when I agreed to help out on your film.

He is still sulking.

RJ
Gotta start somewhere, Lorraine.

LORRAINE
RJ, it's smut...

RJ
(offended)
When did you become such a prude?

LORRAINE
(offended)
I'm not. I just don't understand why you are doing this--

RJ
Because it's possible to make a good dirty movie.

He turns away from her as she wonders to herself if that statement is even true.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

The **POV** from inside continues to move closer...

And closer...

Until the GRAVELLY OLD VOICE finally takes shape--

HOWARD DOUGLAS (80s), hunched and frail with sunken eyes, rotting yellow teeth and a head speckled with scabs and liver spots looks up at Wayne. He is noticeably unsettled by Howard's shockingly grim appearance.

WAYNE
...Uh, Howard, right?

Howard reaches for a SHOTGUN inside the door. His wrist shakes with a tremor as he clutches the weapon tightly by his side. A faded NAVY EMBLEM is tattooed on his forearm.

HOWARD
This here is private property. Didn't you see the signs at the end of the drive?

He pops open the screen door and steps out. Wayne backs up as he notices the gun pointed his way.

WAYNE
Easy, partner.

HOWARD
You from the county? You are trespassing, which means by law I can shoot.

WAYNE
Sir, I ain't from the county. I'm from Houston. We spoke on the phone, remember? About y'alls boarding house...

INT. VAN - DAY

Maxine notices the confrontation unfolding on the porch.

MAXINE
Something's wrong.

The tone of her voice alerts everyone's attention - including Bobby-Lynne and Jackson who finally come up for air. Maxine opens the glove box and puts her hand on a PISTOL.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Howard is still in a stand off with Wayne who now has his hands in the air. After a long pregnant pause--

HOWARD
(realizing)
You’re here about a place to stay.

WAYNE
That’s right.

Howard puts the gun down.

HOWARD
Never can be too careful with strangers these days.

WAYNE
(beat)
You had me pretty nervous there...

Howard shakes it off.

HOWARD
It ain’t even loaded. Most of the time waving it around is all it takes.

Wayne smiles.

WAYNE
I keep the same thing in my glove box.

INT. VAN - DAY

Wayne turns back to the van and waves, prompting a collective sigh of relief. They watch Howard walk down the front steps and are just as struck by his frightening appearance.

JACKSON
That’s one ugly fucker...

Bobby-Lynne laughs and hits him in the arm. Maxine lets go of the pistol and closes up the glove box.

EXT. POWDER KEG FARMS - DAY

Howard leads Wayne across the field at a geriatric pace while the others follow along carrying various suitcases and film supplies - *Jackson’s only item is a GUITAR CASE.*

They head towards a smaller two-story BOARDING HOUSE around the back of the property. It sits sandwiched between an old wooden BARN and a picturesque natural POND.

WAYNE
Hell of a spread you got here, Howie.

HOWARD
(beat)
We like it.

Howard stops for a moment to catch his breath. Wayne follows up and puts his hand on Howard's shoulder.

WAYNE
You alright, old-timer?

Howard shrugs Wayne away, grabs his chest and takes a few extra breaths.

HOWARD
(beat)
I'm fine.

As they continue on past the back of the main house, Maxine spots an OLD WOMAN watching them from the upstairs window. She is staring. Unnerved by the gaze, Maxine returns her attention to the rest of the group.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

The door of the old Civil War era boarding house swings open, revealing cracked wood floors, ship lap walls, and modest colonial furnishings.

HOWARD
She ain't much.

Wayne takes it all in as RJ catches up. His eyes light up at the sight of his inspired new location.

RJ
She's perfect.

He walks inside, followed by the others.

HOWARD
It was built for soldiers during the Civil War but never saw any action. What about you? You serve?

Wayne shakes his head.

WAYNE
Flat feet.

Unimpressed, Howard looks down at Wayne's boots.

JACKSON
I did.

Howard turns to Jackson and eyes his powder blue outfit up and down.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Two tours in South Vietnam. Had enough farmers trying to shoot me for one lifetime. Know what I mean, Gramps?

Howard bristles as Jackson flops down in a chair and throws his arm around Bobby-Lynne.

HOWARD
You don't look much like a soldier.

JACKSON
Promised myself if I made it home in one piece I'd actually enjoy living for a change.
(beat)
Oorah.

Howard smirks and moves his attention away from Jackson. He can't help but leer a little too long at Maxine's bare midriff. Wayne clocks it.

WAYNE
Careful, Howie, that's my future fiancee you're eyeballing.

He looks back at Wayne.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Been awhile since you seen anything that nice?

Howard's mood shifts.

HOWARD
You didn't mention you were bringing all these others.

Before that conversation can go any further south, Wayne chimes in with a wad of CASH.

WAYNE
Yeah, about that, your ad said thirty dollars, but I threw in a little extra to sweeten the deal. Hope that's alright.

Howard opens the wad of cash and sees $130.

HOWARD
I don't think I like you, Wayne. In fact, I don't care much for the looks of none of y'all.
(beat)
So if you hippies want to stay the night I think it oughta cost another twenty dollars.

WAYNE
Is that right?

HOWARD
It's a free country. You're welcome to go somewhere else if you don't like it.

Wayne pulls out another twenty dollar bill.

WAYNE
No. We love it.

Howard stuffs the money in his pocket.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
From one business man to another - You drive a hard bargain.

HOWARD
At my age I believe I've earned it.

He points to the girls.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
My wife is next door, so I'd appreciate a little discretion.

WAYNE
I give you my word. You won't even know we're here.

Howard turns to leave and Wayne shuts the door behind him.

BOBBY-LYNNE
That was some stellar negotiating. You really do have a knack for business, you know that?

WAYNE
Keep jawing and I'll pull you off the main stage for a month.

BOBBY-LYNNE
But, Honey, then you won't make no money neither...

MAXINE
How could you just stand there and let him talk about us like that?

WAYNE
Calm down. It's harmless. He's just old. His dick probably hasn't gotten hard since before you were born. I'd probably hate people like us then too.

LORRAINE
He doesn't know what we are doing here, does he?

Wayne turns, surprised to hear Lorraine.

WAYNE
So, church mouse, you do speak?

She fidgets under his attention.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
No, he sure doesn't, and I intend to keep it that way. Wouldn't want to give the old codger a heart attack.

She's uncomfortable with the deception but not willing to do much about it.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Better to ask for forgiveness than permission.

Wayne looks back out the door and sees Howard get in his truck and back out of the driveway. He checks his watch.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Enough talk. We came here for a reason and I think it's high time we cut to the chase. What do you say?

RJ nods, and Bobby-Lynne lets out a loud SIGH.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Fucking finally!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

16MM FOOTAGE OF - BOBBY-LYNNE AND JACKSON NAKED IN BED. He is on top, pumping hard between her legs.

VARIOUS QUICK CUTS OF - Both performers thoroughly enjoying themselves as if no one was watching. Their sexual chemistry aggressive and electric. *READY TO TAKE THE ADULT FILM WORLD BY STORM--*

CUT TO:

RJ capturing every bit of pornographic action on his camera. Moving the lens up close and personal with each tawdry act.

MEANWHILE - Lorraine is transfixed by what she is witnessing.

She records every GRUNT, MOAN and GROAN through a SHOTGUN MICROPHONE connected to a NAGRA SOUND RECORDER hanging over her shoulder.

RJ
Ok, flip her over.

Jackson flips Bobby-Lynne over to a new position but the action never stops.

HE POUNDS HARDER AND HARDER--

RJ (CONT'D)
That's great. Lift your head up.

Jackson does as he's told.

RJ (CONT'D)
A little harder.

JACKSON
Hey, kid, you're making me nervous. How about you just point the camera and stay in your lane. Let me do the fucking here.

Bobby-Lynne laughs as RJ nods and quietly returns to filming like a fly on the wall.

Jackson continues to thrust. Building to climax.

All the while, Wayne stands in the corner smoking an erect CIGAR. Aroused, and beaming with inspiration--

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

Maxine, now dressed in her COSTUME - A HANDKERCHIEF AND A PAIR OF OVERALLS (and nothing more) walks out of the back of the boarding house smoking a cigarette.

Muffled MOANING can be heard from upstairs as she makes her way towards the pond.

EXT. POND - DAY

She trots down to the edge of a small dock and gazes out at the beautifully sunlit water. She dips a toe. *Cold but refreshing.*

As she takes in the rest of her surroundings she glances back at the main house where the old woman is still in the window...s*taring.*

MAXINE
(under her breath)
What are you looking at...

The old woman continues to stare at Maxine, effectively giving her the heebie-jeebies.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
I'll show you discretion...

Maxine unhooks the straps of her overalls and drops them to the ground. She models her nude figure for the old woman and dives into the water.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Wayne opens the door of the guest bedroom and steps out into the hallway pumping his fist. He is fired up and charged with excitement. He grabs RJ and shakes him.

WAYNE
I may not know shit from shinola when it comes to filmmaking, but I know for damn sure that people are gonna wanna see what I just saw in there.

RJ
That's because I'm not treating it as pornography...but as *cinema.* It's what so many adult films are lacking right now.

WAYNE
Whatever you're doing, keep it up. We're gonna be rich.
(beat)
Good business turns me on! Feel how hard my cock is.

He grabs RJ's hand and puts it on his crotch.

EXT. POND - DAY

Maxine floats out into the middle of the pond and relaxes on her back, puffing her cigarette and staring up at the enormous Texas sky.

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS--

She can't help but peek back over at the main house--

THE OLD WOMAN IS NOW GONE FROM THE WINDOW.

HOWEVER--

UNBEKNOWNST to Maxine - *Something is moving in the tall grass nearby...*

As she closes her eyes and continues to float--

More rustles from the grass go unnoticed--

UNTIL--

The grass finally parts--

REVEALING--

The rounded snout of a ten foot long **AMERICAN ALLIGATOR.**

It slowly crawls into the pond - focused keenly on Maxine.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Jackson stretches out naked in front of the window and flexes his muscles. Bobby-Lynne smokes a cigarette and wipes his semen off of her stomach with a towel and tosses it on the floor. Lorraine steps out of the way of it.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Oops. Sorry, baby.

She turns to Jackson and flirtatiously kicks him in his bare ass.

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
(teasing)
Don't be standing there like you're all proud of yourself.

He turns back and smiles.

JACKSON
I was born for this line of work.

BOBBY-LYNNE
You didn't do nothing, dummy. It's called acting.

She convincingly imitates her MOANS - *showing that she can sound just the same without him.* He looks back at her, disappointed.

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
(mocking)
Oh, come on now, don't look so glum. You did good.
(pats bed)
Come here.

JACKSON
I fuckin' love you.

BOBBY-LYNNE
That's kind of you to say.

Lorraine watches, fixated on the two lovebirds, as Bobby-Lynne flirtatiously holds out the cigarette and Jackson takes a drag from her hand.

JACKSON
(to Lorraine)
Little Orson Welles better have made me look good. I ain't never done it on film before and those were some of my best moves.

Lorraine awkwardly nods.

LORRAINE
It was great.

EXT. POND - DAY

Maxine paddles her way back towards the dock.

As she swims, so does the GATOR, returning to the surface and following her kicking feet.

She continues, unaware that there is a predator quickly closing in on her heels...

JUST AS IT IS ABOUT TO STRIKE--

Maxine safely pulls herself out of the water and up onto the dock - *never knowing how close she came to being attacked.*

She notices something out of the corner of her eye...

The old woman from the window is now standing outside of the main house - WAVING. Maxine awkwardly waves back.

The old woman then beckons for Maxine to come over before disappearing into the main house.

RJ
(pre-lap)
And action!

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

16MM FOOTAGE OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING - REVEALING--

Jackson, standing in his suit and cowboy hat. He takes off his dark glasses and clears his throat.

JACKSON
Sorry to bother you, Ma'am, but my van broke down on the highway back yonder and I was hoping I could use y'alls phone to call for help.

Bobby-Lynne stands opposite, now dressed in a white see-through prairie dress with her hair in braids - *an archetypical farmer's daughter costume.*

BOBBY-LYNNE
My goodness. That's terrible. I'm afraid we don't own a telephone, but my daddy will be home soon and I'm sure he could give you a lift to town.
(beat)
Would you like to *come inside*?

He takes off his hat.

JACKSON
Much obliged.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Maxine hesitantly enters the back of the main house through a creaking screen door. She finds herself in a disgustingly cluttered kitchen.

MAXINE
Hello?

It is eerily quiet except for the sound of a few FLIES buzzing around an overflowing trash can and the ticking of a grandfather clock.

Dishes fill the sink and a flattened, tenderized piece of MEAT is resting on the wooden counter next to an old stove with a smoking cast-iron pan.

OLD WOMAN
(O.S.)
Lemonade?

Maxine turns to find **PEARL DOUGLAS (80s)** appearing from the pantry with a pitcher of LEMONADE. She shuffles into the room in a stained house dress and slippers. Like Howard, her loose, veiny skin, cataract eyes and thinning gray hair are a dreadfully sobering sight.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

16MM FOOTAGE OF - Bobby-Lynne pouring a tall glass of LEMONADE for Jackson.

BOBBY-LYNNE
It sure is hot out there. You must be awful thirsty.

JACKSON
Yes, Ma'am.

He appreciatively sips on the fresh beverage.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
That's got a good taste.

Bobby-Lynne eyes Jackson closely as he drinks the lemonade.

BOBBY-LYNNE
I have a little confession to make.

He looks up from his drink.

JACKSON
Ma'am?

BOBBY-LYNNE
Your misfortune is somewhat of a good thing for me.

PEARL
(pre-lap)
We don't get many visitors anymore.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Pearl now sits across a table from Maxine, studying her as she drinks the lemonade.

PEARL
It can be lonely.

Pearl continues staring as Maxine awkwardly searches for something to say.

MAXINE
Maybe you should get out more.

PEARL
Oh, no. I can't. Not at my age.
(beat)
Has anyone ever told you that you have a unique face?

MAXINE
Practically my whole life.

Pearl smiles.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

16MM FOOTAGE OF - Bobby-Lynne staring longingly at Jackson. He puts down his empty glass and anxiously looks around.

JACKSON
So...what time did you say your father would be home?

BOBBY-LYNNE
Not long. He only went to the market.
(beat)
You don't want to leave, do you?

JACKSON
No. I was just making conversation...

Bobby-Lynne smiles and puts her foot between Jackson's legs under the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A matching image of Pearl and her toothless grin, staring longingly. Maxine chugs down the rest of her lemonade, not knowing what else to say.

MAXINE
I should probably get back. My boyfriend gets fussy when he doesn't know where I'm at.

PEARL
Sounds like my Howard - very protective. That's how you know they love you. When they won't let you out of their sight.
(beat)
But they don't really know us, do they?

Maxine nods - *though not totally in agreement.*

PEARL (CONT'D)
I'd like to show you something before you go.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bobby-Lynne gets up and walks from her seat at the table over to Jackson. She leans in to his ear and whispers.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Come with me. Before Daddy gets home.

She reaches down and takes his hand.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pearl leads Maxine into the messy living room filled with too much furniture, dusty decor and overflowing boxes of clutter. She points at a wall full of dozens of old PHOTOS OF PEARL WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG.

PEARL
I was young once, too...

Maxine takes a closer look at the photo Pearl is focused on. IT IS OF PEARL AND HOWARD WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG.

They smile proudly in front of the same farmhouse. Howard in a fresh military uniform and Pearl in a stylish skirt and blouse.

PEARL (CONT'D)
It was taken after the first war. Believe it or not, my Howard served in both. He survived the trenches and Omaha Beach. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do for me back then...

Pearl looks over at Maxine. Ogling her youth.

PEARL (CONT'D)
That's the power of beauty.

She points to another photo of herself DANCING ON STAGE IN A SMALL MUSICAL THEATER PRODUCTION.

PEARL (CONT'D)
I was a dancer in those early days. But then the war came.
(beat)
Not everything in life turns out how you expect.

MAXINE
I dance sometimes too.

Pearl turns, intrigued but a bit jealous.

PEARL
I still feel like that young girl.

She reaches out and touches Maxine's hair - moving it away from her freckles and behind her ear - revealing more of her face.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Such a special face.

She points her towards a mirror to see for herself. Maxine awkwardly stands in the reflection as Pearl continues to stare at her.

PEARL (CONT'D)
So beautiful.

Maxine notices tears forming in Pearl's eyes. Pearl reaches down and touches Maxine's bare skin inside of her overalls. Maxine flinches, turns and backs up--

MAXINE
What are you doing?

Pearl looks past Maxine to Howard's truck pulling down the driveway. HER DEMEANOR RADICALLY SHIFTS.

PEARL
You should go, now.

Maxine turns and sees the truck and then slowly backs up towards the kitchen. Pearl continues to stare at her as she goes.

PEARL (CONT'D)
It'll be our secret.

MAXINE
What will be?

Pearl holds her finger up to her lips: ***SHH...***

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Unsettled, Maxine hurries out the back door and across the field behind the two houses.

MAXINE
Freaky old bitch...

She sees Howard's truck come to a stop next to the van. As she approaches the boarding house she suddenly *COLLIDES INTO WAYNE.*

WAYNE
I've been looking all over for you.

MAXINE
(flustered)
Sorry, I was just--

WAYNE
Hurry up and get ready. We don't wanna lose the light.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Howard walks into the empty kitchen and sets the grocery bags down on the counter. He tosses his KEYS into a small tray by the stove next to a PICTURE OF HIM AND PEARL ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

He then notices something peculiar on the table--

TWO GLASSES OF NEARLY FINISHED LEMONADE.

A dreadful concern rolls across his face--

HOWARD
Pearl?

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Maxine rushes into the bathroom and slams the door. She leans against it, still jarred from her unnerving interaction with Pearl. She splashes water on her face and looks at herself in the mirror.

MAXINE
You're not gonna end up like that. You're a star. The whole world is gonna know your name.

She throws her bag on the counter and pulls the cocaine vial out from under her makeup. She pours out a line and snorts it off of the sink.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
I will not accept a life I do not deserve.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

In a room filled with ANTIQUE DOLLS, Pearl sits in front of an old vanity MIRROR.

She squints at her reflection, closely studying all of the discolored wrinkles and age spots on her sagging skin.

Pearl opens an antique silver case to retrieve a HAIR BRUSH.

She brushes her thin hair in the mirror, doing her best to turn her thinning gray frizz into something more flowing.

DISSOLVE TO:

Pearl applies a thick layer of blue eye shadow above her drooping eyelids.

DISSOLVE TO:

She rubs an old red lipstick across her dry lips, smearing the waxy red stain through her whiskers.

DISSOLVE TO:

Pearl pulls her dentures out of a glass of Efferdent and slides them into her mouth.

THEN--

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR STARTLES HER. She turns to see the locked doorknob shaking.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Maxine opens the door, back in her glamorous hair and make up, and finds Wayne waiting for her.

WAYNE
Ready to fuck?

MAXINE
I was born ready.

INT. BARN - AFTERNOON

Several cows mill about in their pens - weary of visitors. The crew makes their way inside while Wayne stands lookout.

He dips into the doorway as he sees Howard walk out of the main house back to his truck.

Howard suspiciously looks around his property, but after a few moments, returns inside with a bag of what appear to be more groceries.

RJ stealthily frames up the camera as Maxine gets down on her knees under a COW and pretends to milk its utters.

WAYNE
Coast is clear.

RJ rolls the camera.

RJ
We're rolling...Action!

16MM FOOTAGE OF - Maxine turning and looking at the lens. Standing above her is Jackson.

JACKSON
I'm looking for the owner of this farm. His daughter said I could find him here.

MAXINE
You must have been talking to my sister.

JACKSON
Sister? She didn't mention you.

She stands up with a bucket of milk and makes her way to the door.

MAXINE
Not surprised. She's always been jealous of me. I'm younger and get all the attention.

Surprisingly, Maxine's acting ability is very convincing. She has fully taken on the traits of a demure country character with no resemblance to her normal self.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Daddy never lets her leave the farm anymore.

Jackson follows her out into the middle of the barn.

JACKSON
I was hoping he could give me a ride back to town before it got dark.

Maxine walks in front of the barn door and looks at the main house. She is dramatically backlit by the setting sun.

MAXINE
We shouldn't disturb him. It would only make him angry. You won't like Daddy when he's angry.

Jackson sighs, frustrated.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
I could give you a ride if you'd like...

He perks up.

JACKSON
That sounds mighty fine.

MAXINE
It'll have to be our secret though...

JACKSON
What do you mean?

*Jackson realizes she meant a different kind of ride...*he nervously looks on as she seductively walks over to him.

MAXINE
Daddy can never find out.

EXT. BARN - DAY

A mysterious **POV** lurks around the outside of the barn - closing in on the muffled sounds of pleasure that are reverberating through the walls.

INT. BARN - DAY

RJ watches through the lens as Maxine sits on a bail of hay while performing fellatio on Jackson.

Lorraine holds the microphone as close as she can get while Bobby-Lynne and Wayne watch from behind the scenes.

CUT TO:

16MM FOOTAGE OF - Maxine lying naked on her back. She grips a handful of Jackson's hair as he buries his face between her thighs.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The **POV** lurks closer to the barn window. Through the dirt and cobwebs, it fixates on the sex acts within. RJ lies on the ground, trying to get the best shot he can.

INT. BARN - DAY

16MM FOOTAGE OF - Maxine, now on top of Jackson. Riding him wildly. He can hardly take it. She tosses her hair back and eyes the camera.

THE SOUNDTRACK SLOWLY REDUCES TO ONLY THE HUM OF 16MM FILM THREADING THROUGH RJ'S CAMERA--

The entire crew, including Jackson, are in awe. They can't take their eyes off her. Just as she willed - *she becomes a star.*

REVEAL - PEARL - In FULL MAXINE MAKEUP, watching through the window...

MESMERIZED BY WHAT SHE SEES--

Fantasizing about herself in the same situation.

BRIEF FLASHES OF PEARL RIDING JACKSON INTERCUT WITH MAXINE AS SHE WRITHES AROUND ON TOP OF HIM--

He can hardly take it--

In turn, her MOANS get louder--

AND LOUDER--

UNTIL--

EXT. POWDER KEG FARMS - DUSK

THE REVERBERATING SOUNDS OF ORGASM ring out over a beautifully sunlit, **16MM** transition shot of the entire farm - *Just like RJ earlier envisioned.*

CUT TO:

Another beautiful transition shot of the pond behind the boarding house shimmering in the setting sun.

CUT TO:

One final magic hour transition of the sun disappearing behind the main house.

The FILM ROLLS OUT and **CLICK! - THE 16MM SOUNDTRACK COME TO AN ABRUPT STOP.**

INT. MAIN HOUSE - DUSK

Somewhat in her own postcoital daze, Pearl struggles her way up the front steps and back inside. She stops in the living room as she sees Howard waiting for her at the kitchen table.

She nervously waits as he stands and walks over, eying her hair and makeup disapprovingly. She looks up at him, waiting for a response to break the tension.

Slowly she begins to sway her hips and seductively dance in front of him. He grabs her and stops her.

HOWARD
You know I can't. My heart...

Howard turns and walks upstairs, disappointed. Leaving her alone. TEARS slowly fall down her cheeks, leaving streaks of makeup behind.

THEN--

PEARL LETS OUT A PRIMAL, WRETCHED AND BLOOD-CURDLING WAIL.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Wayne jabs a large FORK into a log of bologna and slices it with a KITCHEN KNIFE. Pearl's WAIL goes unnoticed and is masked by the sound of Jackson strumming his out-of-tune acoustic GUITAR.

The others sit piled around the living area, drinking beer and smoking.

BOBBY-LYNNE
You were incredible out there. Now I know why Wayne left his wife for you.

JACKSON
So do I.

Bobby-Lynne playfully hits Jackson.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Careful, sonny.

WAYNE
Told y'all she was something different.

Wayne walks over with a plate of sandwiches and leans in and gives Maxine a kiss.

As they all grab a sandwich, Lorraine continues to quietly study the group's unusual dynamic. Maxine has had enough.

MAXINE
What are you looking at?

WAYNE
Hey, come on, now--

MAXINE
No, Wayne.
(to Lorraine)
Didn't nobody ever teach you not to stare? It's rude. You got something to say to me or what?

Lorraine sits up, unexpectedly.

LORRAINE
(nervous)
I just have a question...

WAYNE
See, she's interested is all. What is it, sweetheart?

LORRAINE
...Isn't it strange watching her have sex with him?

Jackson looks up, but Wayne shakes his head.

WAYNE
It's just business. As long as the camera is running.

LORRAINE
(beat)
So the camera changes things?

WAYNE
That's right. It ain't real life. It's only a movie.

Lorraine ponders his reasoning.

LORRAINE
What about love?

MAXINE
What about it?

LORRAINE
Don't y'all believe in it?

MAXINE
Of course we believe in love.

LORRAINE
But how can you love someone and still be with other people?

MAXINE
Oh, you think we don't have no morals, is that it?

LORRAINE
No, I just--

Maxine notices Lorraine twiddling with her crucifix necklace.

MAXINE
Take it from me. Letting outdated traditions control how you live your life will get you nowhere.

Lorraine looks up, self-conscious. Maxine stuffs her face with a bite of sandwich.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
You can decide who you want to love but not who you want to screw. That's a scientific fact. Attraction is out of our control, and it ain't healthy keeping those feelings locked away inside.

BOBBY-LYNNE
I seen you sneaking a few long peeks at Jackson over there.

Lorraine is uncomfortable with the implied question. *And so is RJ.*

LORRAINE
I wasn't looking at--

BOBBY-LYNNE
It's ok. He don't mind none.

Jackson looks up at Lorraine and smiles, but she dodges eye contact.

JACKSON
She's right. I don't mind.
(to RJ)
No offense.

RJ nods, but is also growing uncomfortable.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Everybody likes sex. Always have. We're just not afraid to admit it anymore. Besides, one day we'll be too old to fuck. Like those geezers next door. Life is too damn short if you ask me.

JACKSON
Roger that.

MAXINE
A lot folks are quick to call us ugly names, but the fact is, we turn people on...and that scares them.
(beat)
But they can't look away...

BOBBY-LYNNE
That's right. Like a sexy car wreck.

They all laugh.

WAYNE
Which is how I know this new home video market is set to explode. Finally people are gonna get to see what they desire in the privacy of their own homes. As many times as they like. Free of judgement.

He raises his beer to RJ.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
We're gonna give that to them.
(to Lorraine)
Porn ain't only for perverts no more.

RJ likes the compliment. Bobby-Lynne raises her beer.

BOBBY-LYNNE
A toast to the perverts!

WAYNE
Hear hear!

Jackson raises his drink.

JACKSON
To a life of excess, being young and having fun until the day we die!

MAXINE
To getting filthy rich and famous and making all the naysayers jealous.

RJ lifts his beer.

RJ
To the power of cinema.

Lorraine ponders their newfound ideology.

LORRAINE
I don't know if I agree with all that...
(beat)
But I liked what I saw today. I didn't think I would, but I did.

She raises her drink.

WAYNE
Cheers to that!

They all drink and Jackson strums a now in-tune C-CHORD.

JACKSON
(to Bobby-Lynne)
Ready?

BOBBY-LYNNE
Yeah.

Jackson begins strumming the ACOUSTIC GUITAR and plays **LANDSLIDE BY FLEETWOOD MAC.** Bobby-Lynne begins to sing. She has the unexpected voice of an angel.

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
Took my love and I took it down...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAIN HOUSE - EVENING

Pearl slowly makes her way upstairs.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Climbed a mountain and I turned around...

INT. MAIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pearl sits back down at her vanity and looks at herself in the mirror.

BOBBY-LYNNE
And I saw my reflection in the snow covered hills...until the landslide brought me down.

She begins to wipe off the smeared makeup.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Everyone watches as Bobby-Lynne continues to sway on the sofa.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Oh, mirror in the sky what is love, can the child in my heart rise above...

INT. MAIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pearl looks at her clean face in the mirror. Her heart sinks as all she sees is old age staring back at her.

BOBBY-LYNNE
And can I sail through the changing ocean tides...Can I handle the seasons of my life...

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

The gang all sit around happy as Bobby-Lynne hits the second verse.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Well I've been afraid of changing because I built my life around you...

INT. MAIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pearl puts a nightgown over her naked body.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Time makes you bolder children get older...I'm getting older too...

As Jackson slowly fades down his guitar playing, Pearl climbs into and empty bed. She shuts off the light and closes her eyes.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - EVENING

Jackson strums the final chord of the song. As it rings out, Lorraine interrupts the moment.

LORRAINE
I want to do a scene in the movie.

RJ looks up, shocked.

RJ
What?

The whole room quiets - *shocked and anxiously waiting for what could come out of Lorraine's mouth next...*

LORRAINE
I want to be in the movie.

RJ doesn't quite know what to say.

RJ
(beat)
No.

LORRAINE
Why not?

RJ
Because...because, no.

He looks around at the others.

RJ (CONT'D)
Did y'all put her up to this or something?

MAXINE & BOBBY LYNNE
Hey!

WAYNE
Take it easy, they didn't do nothing--

LORRAINE
Nobody put me up to anything. I've been thinking about it all day. And well, I'm young and if we really are making a good dirty movie...then I don't wanna just carry your equipment. I wanna be in it.

RJ
You can't.

LORRAINE
Says who?

RJ
It's my film, Lorraine! It won't make any sense. We already shot half of it. The plot can't just suddenly change midway through.

LORRAINE
Why?

RJ
(flustered)
It just isn't done.

LORRAINE
What about Psycho? I thought you loved that film.

RJ
That's different. It was a MacGuffin to set up suspense. Our story is not the same.

LORRAINE
Nobody is coming to see this movie for the story, RJ. They're coming to see tits and ass. And a big dick.

RJ
Lorraine!

LORRAINE
It's the truth. Even I know that. When did you become such a prude?

RJ fumes at her throwing his words back in her face. Wayne can see the resentment building to a dangerous degree.

WAYNE
Ok, I am the Executive Producer, which means I get a say. Let's take a step outside for a minute before anything else gets said that someone might regret.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Wayne leads RJ outside and tries to calm him down.

RJ
You gotta back me up here, Wayne. This situation is fixing to get out of control. I mean it's getting real close...

WAYNE
Relax.

He looks at him, shocked. *Wayne tries a more artist friendly approach--*

WAYNE (CONT'D)
What is it they say? Life imitates art, right?

RJ's not having it.

RJ
It's the other way around.

WAYNE
Whatever, it doesn't matter, but you need to listen to me, because you've never been forty-one and I have been twenty-three and I'm gonna explain something to you about young women.
(beat)
If she's serious - which I suspect she is - she's gonna do it whether you like it or not.

RJ nervously paces around.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Now if you try and stop her, not only is she gonna do it, she's gonna go on to do it with God knows how many other people in God knows how many other films. Nobody wants that.
(beat)
So the way I see it, you only got one good option here.

RJ
Letting her get boffed by some man-whore?

WAYNE
Come on, now. Jackson is a professional. He ain't got no diseases or nothing.

RJ
You just want more sex in the movie.

WAYNE
It's not me, brother. She wants that. You heard her.

RJ
Wayne, you don't get it. Lorraine is not like the others in there. She's a nice girl.

Wayne stiffens.

WAYNE
Beg your pardon?

RJ realizes his offense.

RJ
I didn't mean--

A lump forms in RJ's throat.

WAYNE
It's time to grow up, son. I hate to be the one to have to tell you this, but ain't none of them nice girls...get that Mayberry myth out of your head. It's the seventies.

RJ begins to dreadfully accept his new reality.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANXIOUS, DREADFUL, SLOW MOTION--

As RJ walks into the bedroom where Lorraine sits on the bed in her underwear.

Maxine and Bobby-Lynne do her make up.

She looks back at RJ. Unapologetic about what is about to go down.

Wayne enters with the camera on his shoulder and hands it to RJ.

Jackson walks in behind him in a towel and lies on the bed.

RJ reluctantly lifts the camera to his eye.

Maxine and Bobby-lynne jump out of the shot as he ROLLS FILM--

IN THE REFLECTION OF THE LENS - Lorraine removes her crucifix and unwraps the towel from Jackson's waist.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

PEARL VIOLENTLY WAKES UP FROM A NIGHTMARE--

She sits up in bed catching her breath in the dark, empty room.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - HALL - NIGHT

Pearl shuffles out into the hall in her nightgown. She quietly makes her way to another door and cracks it open.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - HOWARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Inside, Howard is asleep in bed. She watches from the doorway as his chest rises and falls with each wheezy breath.

EXT. POWDER KEG FARMS - NIGHT

A FULL MOON appears from behind the clouds, casting a misty blue glow across the property.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - LATER

Bobby-Lynne and Jackson are asleep. Their naked bodies entwined and partly sticking out from beneath the sheets.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maxine and Wayne lie in bed, SNORING.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - SECOND GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lorraine is also asleep in bed, but *RJ is missing...*

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

A **POV** *quietly enters the house.*

The roaming intruder surveys the mess left in the living room. The sound of a door opening draws the POV's attention to the stairs.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The POV slowly climbs the stairs and drifts down the hallway--

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door cracks open and the POV peeks inside.

Bobby-Lynne and Jackson are unaware of whoever is looking at them while they sleep.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

THE SOUND OF A SHOWER draws the attention to the bathroom.

It opens the door.

FROM OUTSIDE OF THE SHOWER CURTAIN - a silhouette washes itself.

FROM INSIDE - RJ stands naked under the hot water, crying.

He eventually pulls himself together and turns off the water.

RJ pulls back the curtain, revealing an empty room.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

He angrily walks downstairs and grabs the KEYS off the counter.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

He gets inside the driver's seat of the van. He has revved himself up into a fit of rage.

RJ
To hell with this. She can have them. Let's see how far they get without me. Good luck finding your own way home.

He cranks the ignition. As the headlights turn on, they illuminate PEARL - standing in the center of the light beams.

Her sudden appearance STARTLES RJ. She is back in her Maxine-inspired make up.

RJ (CONT'D)
What the--

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

He gets out of the van and slowly walks over to her.

RJ
Ma'am?

No response. She just stares at the lights.

RJ (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

Still nothing. He gets closer. He reaches out and touches her shoulders. She turns and locks eyes with him and he nervously lets go.

RJ (CONT'D)
Sorry I--

PEARL
Don't go.

She moves towards him and hugs him. He awkwardly hugs her back - *unsure of how long he should hold on.* He can feel her arms moving up his back. Caressing him.

RJ
Ma'am...

PEARL
It can be so lonely...

UNBEKNOWNST TO RJ she is holding the KITCHEN KNIFE Wayne left in the bologna. After several awkward moments, RJ starts to try and separate from her.

THEN--

Pearl kisses him on the lips.

RJ
Whoa!

He pulls away. Noticeably revolted by her kiss.

RJ (CONT'D)
(disgusted)
Why did you just do that?

She is noticeably hurt by his disinterest.

PEARL
I was young once too, you know?

RJ looks around, uncomfortable.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Why won't you look at me like you looked at her?

RJ
What?

She sways towards him, seductively.

PEARL
I can show you what I am capable of.

RJ
I don't want to see that.

She stops and looks at him, thoroughly offended.

PEARL
Fine.

RJ
(beat)
Maybe we should just go find your husband--

SUDDENLY Pearl THRUSTS THE KNIFE into RJ's throat.

He stumbles back in shock, choking on the blade.

RJ attempts to yank the knife out of his neck, but there is too much blood for him to get a strong grip.

As he jostles the blade, an eruption of blood from his carotid artery sprays across his face.

He collapses to the ground. Suffocating even faster, RJ writhes around in the dirt, desperately trying to hold his throat closed and preserve his air.

All the while, Pearl watches. He reaches out to her, begging in a gurgled whisper--

RJ (CONT'D)
Help me...

PEARL
Oh, now you want me?

She slowly struggles to bend down and kneel by his side.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Tell me I'm beautiful.

He looks up at her in his dying moments--

RJ
You...You're...Beautiful.

Lit by the blinding high beams, she straddles him and KISSES HIM ON HIS BLOODY LIPS.

PEARL
Tell me I'm special.

RJ can only gurgle.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Tell me you want me!

THEN--

Pearl pulls the knife from him and stabs it into his throat again.

HE FLINCHES. SHOCKED.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Tell me I'm yours!

SHE STABS HIM AGAIN...

AND AGAIN...

OVER AND OVER--

She writhes around on top of him just as Maxine did on Jackson, until he finally stops shaking beneath her. His head is nearly decapitated.

THEN--

Pearl struggles back to her feet and walks to the open van door. She reaches in and turns off the engine - killing the lights.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lorraine stirs awake and realizes RJ is not in bed with her. She sits up and looks around the dark, empty room.

LORRAINE
RJ?

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

She walks out into the hall, but still no sign of him.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine slowly makes her way downstairs. He isn't there either.

LORRAINE
RJ? Where are you?

THEN--

She notices the open front door...

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine steps out in front of the house and scans the landscape, but there is still no sign of RJ.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

She hesitantly walks back inside and is SUDDENLY STARTLED by Wayne, who is standing on the stairs shirtless in his SKIMPY BRIEFS UNDERWEAR.

WAYNE
What's going on, church mouse?

LORRAINE
It's RJ. I woke up and he was gone. You don't think he left, do you?

Wayne walks downstairs and looks out the window and spots the van.

WAYNE
The van is still here. He must be around somewhere.

She nervously chews on her nails. He can see she is worried.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Hey, it ain't like your dog ran off. He's probably still processing things, you know? Go back to bed.

LORRAINE
I feel bad if I hurt him. I don't wanna break up...

WAYNE
You didn't do nothing wrong. He'll get over it. Just needs to be a man and toughen up. I'll talk to him in the morning.

LORRAINE
Will you help me look?

Wayne sighs. *He doesn't want to deal with this.*

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Please? I'm worried...

Lorraine stares at him. Not taking no for an answer. He feels for her.

WAYNE
Ok. But I ain't getting in the middle of no more of this shit.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Wayne and Lorraine walk outside and look around the dark property.

WAYNE
If I was a betting man, which I am not anymore, thankfully, then I'd say he's either camped out in the van or the barn.
(beat)
You take the van because that's more likely...

Lorraine walks off towards the van as Wayne makes his way to the barn.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
No hollering at each other. You hear me? Don't wake up those old folks. I need that like I need a hole in the head...

She nods and keeps heading off to the van.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Wayne slides open the barn door and looks inside.

WAYNE
RJ?

No response.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
You in here, brother?

He walks through the barn, looking around in the shadows.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
This ain't the way to go about handling this.

He looks around but doesn't see anyone inside.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Trust me. I know what I'm talking about. How do you think I've been surrounded by beautiful women my whole life? There's an art to it. Like business.

Then SUDDENLY--

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Ah!

Wayne steps on a RUSTY NAIL and it pierces completely through his bare foot. He falls to the ground, grabbing his wound.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch!

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine timidly walks across the lawn towards the van. Just as she passes the main house, the PORCH LIGHT TURNS ON.

It stops her in her tracks.

LORRAINE
Oh, no...

She hears the sound of the front door opening--

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Wayne reaches down and pulls the nail out of his foot. A pulse of blood follows.

WAYNE
Fuck me!

His commotion spooks the cows nearby, causing them to MOO.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Shut up, cheeseburger! Go wander into traffic.

THEN--

He hears the sound of someone moving behind him. He turns around but doesn't see anyone.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
RJ? That you? I stepped on a nail, man. Come on out and help me for Christ's sake. I'm gonna catch tetanus from this shit...

He struggles to his feet and limps on his right foot. Surprisingly nobody has appeared from the shadows.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
RJ?

He limps over to the stall where he heard the sound. He looks inside, but it's empty.

THEN--

He hears the sound again - *something moving against the side of the barn.*

He turns and notices a HOLE in the wall.

As he limps closer, he sees that there are THREE SMALL HOLES in the wall leading to the outside.

Wayne inches closer and kneels down.

LOOKING THROUGH THE FIRST HOLE--

All he sees is the empty field.

HE MOVES TO THE SECOND HOLE--

More emptiness outside.

He squints to see if there is something he's missing--

WHEN SUDDENLY--

A PITCHFORK THRUSTS THROUGH THE HOLES AND PIERCES HIS EYEBALLS--

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine nervously watches as Howard steps out of the front door.

LORRAINE
I'm sorry if I disturbed you.

HOWARD
What are you doing out here?

LORRAINE
I was looking for my boyfriend.

Howard looks around.

HOWARD
Have you seen my wife?

LORRAINE
(confused)
No, sir.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The PITCHFORK is yanked out Wayne's head. His body crumples to the ground.

Blood pools out beneath his punctured eyes and runs down his bare chest onto his underwear.

A SILHOUETTE grows on the barn wall as someone approaches.

REVEAL - PEARL (AS THE SILHOUETTE) - LOOKING DOWN AT WAYNE'S TWITCHING CORPSE.

Pearl watches him expire and then slowly begins to use the pitchfork to daintily cover his body with piles of HAY.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine waits by the door as Howard opens a drawer and fumbles for a FLASHLIGHT. He flips the switch and it flickers on.

HOWARD
There is another light down in the cellar.

He points to the kitchen. Lorraine looks around, confused, *she doesn't know where the cellar is.*

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Please. My wife is not well and it's very dark. I worry she could fall and break her hip.

Lorraine hesitantly acquiesces and hurries off to the kitchen.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

She opens the door and stands at the top of a rickety staircase.

HOWARD
(O.S.)
Bottom of the stairs and to the left. You'll see my tool bench.

Lorraine pulls a string and turns on a HANGING LIGHT BULB.

She makes her way down the stairs, but can't see much in the dark beyond the small pool of light.

She finds the work bench and hurries over. Sure enough, a large FLASHLIGHT sits next to the tools.

She grabs it and turns it on.

LORRAINE
Got it!

Lorraine turns back to the steps and runs upstairs to find that the door is now closed. She tries the handle, but it won't open.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
I'm locked in.

She bangs on the door--

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Hello!

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The doorknob to the locked door jiggles as Lorraine pulls and twists it from inside.

LORRAINE
Hey!

Nobody is there to come to her aid - INSTEAD - Howard stands by an open drawer loading his SHOTGUN.

HOWARD
You're gonna need to stay down there until I get things sorted.

LORRAINE
No! Let me out of here! Help!

She continues to BANG on the door as Howard wanders off.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jackson wakes up to the sound of their door creaking open. He sits up and looks to the empty doorway. He gets out of bed and looks into the hall. Bobby-Lynne sits up behind him.

BOBBY-LYNNE
What's wrong, baby?

JACKSON
I thought I heard something.
(beat)
It's nothing. Go back to sleep.

She halfheartedly salutes him as she falls back into the pillows.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Aye-aye, Captain.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackson walks downstairs and opens the fridge. Other than a pair of MILITARY DOG TAGS, he is completely naked.

He pulls out a carton of MILK and chugs straight from the container. As he wipes the milk mustache from his face, he notices something peculiar outside the window--

HOWARD, WALKING THROUGH THE BACKYARD WITH HIS SHOTGUN.

Concerned, but unafraid, Jackson puts the empty milk carton back in the fridge. One the side is a PHOTO OF A MISSING YOUNG **HIPPY** STANDING IN FRONT OF HIS VW BEETLE.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackson opens the back door and steps outside.

JACKSON
Everything ok, Gramps?

Howard turns and looks at him - offended by his naked appearance.

HOWARD
My wife...she's gone missing.

Jackson can tell he is concerned.

JACKSON
Missing?

Howard nods.

HOWARD
She gets confused. It happens sometimes after dark.

Jackson motions to the shotgun.

JACKSON
A lot of firepower for a missing wife.

HOWARD
It's for gators. I found her on the edge of the pond once. If she were to fall in...

Jackson looks out at the dark pond. *It's a death trap.*

JACKSON
Want some help?

Howard is surprised by his offer. Jackson smiles and jingles his DOG TAGS.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Not for self but for country, right?

Howard nods at the familiar Navy slogan.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Let me go get my skivvies.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

MEANWHILE - Lorraine is still banging on the cellar door.

LORRAINE
Open up!

It's useless. There's no getting out that way. She makes her way back down to the bottom of the steps.

She shines the light around the walls, looking for another door to the outside. As she searches, she spots another hanging light bulb. She gives it a tug.

As the light turns on, it is revealed that behind Lorraine is a **NAKED CORPSE CHAINED TO THE WALL - *THE SAME HIPPY FROM THE MILK CARTON*.**

LORRAINE DOES NOT SEE IT YET...

Instead, with the new light, she notices cellar trap doors which lead to outside.

She runs over and pushes on the wooden trap doors. They are locked from the outside by a perpendicular wood slat.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Help! RJ! Wayne! Anybody! Help me!

She gives it a few more tries, but isn't strong enough to break through the wood.

Lorraine turns back to the tool bench, but trips over a crack in the foundation.

She falls hard on the stone floor. Her flashlight rolls away. As she reaches for it, she finally sees what it is lighting up--

THE CORPSE.

Lorraine lets out the most terrified, blood-curdling SCREAM of her life. **HER SCREAM - *AWAKENS THE CORPSE* - WHO SCREAMS BACK AT HER!**

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jackson tiptoes inside, careful not to wake Bobby-Lynne as he puts on his underwear and shirt.

EXT. POND - NIGHT

Jackson walks outside to meet Howard. The two men stand on the dock looking out at the dark water. Howard shines the light around.

JACKSON
I say we each take a side of the perimeter. Cover ground quicker that way.

HOWARD
I only got one light.

JACKSON
No offense, but it's been a while since you were deployed. I spent three nights face down in a rice paddy scanning for land mines and trip wires. Once a marine, always a marine. If she's out there I'll find her.

Howard looks at Jackson, annoyed by his arrogance.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maxine is still sound asleep.

BUT--

SHE IS NOT ALONE--

The **POV** slowly pulls the sheets away from Maxine's body.

The POV's bloody hand, old and wrinkled, reaches in and begins to caress Maxine's young, tight flesh.

Maxine fidgets in her sleep and the hand pulls away.

REVEAL - PEARL - standing over Maxine in her blood-soaked nightgown - a psychotic, possessed look in her eyes.

AFTER A LONG, OBSESSIVE STARE--

Pearl drops the nightgown to the floor and slides her naked body into the bed next to Maxine.

EXT. POND - NIGHT

Jackson walks along the edge of the pond scanning for Pearl. The water is dark and murky. *If she is in there, she's dead.*

He then notices something unexpected poking out of the pond. The rear end of a VOLKSWAGON BEETLE that appears to have been sunk for a while.

Jackson studies it until a SPLASH brings his attention back to the water. He can see the top of an alligator's head glowing in the moonlight. They lock eyes and it swims away.

Slightly unnerved, Jackson glances across the pond at Howard's flashlight beam as it bobs around in the tree line.

JACKSON
(to himself)
Careful Gramps, don't wanna have to come rescue you next.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

Lorraine is back on her feet, horrified at the sight of the body. The hippy's face contorts in terror as he spits out his final words.

HIPPY
Get out of this place! Before they make you theirs too!

THE BODY FALLS LIMP. DEAD (AGAIN).

Lorraine turns to the tool bench in search of a weapon. Her first thought is a HAMMER, but then she finds something better: A HATCHET.

She climbs back up the stairs and listens to the door. IT IS QUIET ON THE OTHER SIDE--

She raises her arm and slams the hatchet into the wood, trying to break through.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pearl curls up tightly behind Maxine.

A FLASH OF ECSTACY FILLS PEARL'S FACE.

Her dry, wrinkled skin pressed firmly against Maxine's supple young body.

She slowly fondles Maxine with her twisted arthritic hands. Leaving smears of BLOOD behind wherever she touches.

Pearl's gentle movements are not enough to wake Maxine, but do cause her to turn into her arms - *assuming it is Wayne.*

Unaware, Maxine cuddles deeply into the naked grips of Pearl who continues to longingly stare at her...

EXT. POND - NIGHT

Jackson continues around the edge of the pond. He can see Howard's light in the tall grass at their meeting point.

JACKSON
I didn't find anything.

No response from Howard.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
You copy? She ain't out here.

He looks at the light in the tall grass, but it's not moving.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Everything alright?

Jackson cautiously pushes his way through the grass towards the light. He stumbles knee deep into the water.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Goddamnit.
(beat)
What are you doing all the way in there?

He pushes through one more layer of grass and finds the flashlight floating in the water. No sign of Howard.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Oh, shit...

Assuming the worst, Jackson frantically looks around. He steps deeper into the water and reaches around, searching for Howard.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Gramps? You in here? You ok?
Gramps!?

THEN--

He hears something--

A BANGING in the distance...*coming from the main house.*

INT. MAIN HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

Lorraine is making headway on the door. She has created a crack that is almost large enough to reach through and grab the handle.

EXT. POND - NIGHT

Jackson picks up the flashlight and trudges his way back out of the pond. As he parts the final bits of tall grass, he is STARTLED to find Howard waiting for him.

He jumps back, frightened.

JACKSON
Jesus Christ! You snuck up on me.

HOWARD
Once a marine, always a marine.

Jackson smirks as he steps onto land.

JACKSON
Your wife ain't out here.

HOWARD
I can't give her all she wants anymore...

Jackson takes off his shirt and wrings the water out of it. Howard eyes his muscular physique.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
All you young people think you can just do as you please, don't you?

JACKSON
What?

HOWARD
The last boy that stayed here was just the same. Walking around in barely any clothes. Enticing my wife.

The BANGING returns. Jackson looks off to the house.

JACKSON
You hear that?

HOWARD
I shouldn't have to put up with this. After all I went through for this country over seas.
(growing angry)
Captured, chained up and tortured. You get to know a lot about yourself when you experience what others are capable of.

Jackson doesn't know what to say - THEN - More BANGING.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
I may not as strong as I used to be, but I ain't dead yet. I won't be made a fool in my own home.

JACKSON
Yeah, ok, well, maybe you're hard of hearing, Gramps, but I'm not. Something is going on up at your house. Listen...

They both stand still listening for the sound.

DEAD QUIET--

THEN--

Howard presses the shotgun muzzle into Jackson's bare chest and fires. Blasting him through the air and into the pond.

HOWARD
I know exactly what's going on.

Jackson's body floats to the surface. Howard takes aim and fires again into Jackson's crotch. His genitals splatter into the water.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The echo of the GUNSHOT wakes Maxine.

Her eyes flutter open to see the leering smile of Pearl only a few inches from her face--

It takes a delayed moment for her to fully comprehend what she is seeing--

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

THE SOUND OF MAXINE SCREAMING!

Bobby-Lynne jolts up in bed and leaps for the door.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bobby-Lynne, topless, yanks open her door and jumps back as Pearl runs past her, naked.

BOBBY-LYNNE
What in the fuck!?

As Pearl disappears down the stairs, Bobby-Lynne hurries to the master bedroom.

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
Maxine?

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

She finds Maxine covering herself against the wall.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Are you ok?

MAXINE
She was in my bed! Touching me!

Bobby-Lynne hurries over and kneels down with Maxine, who is looking at her arms, which are now coated in BLOOD. Maxine searches her body for an injury. The bed is smeared with blood stains.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Where is Wayne?

MAXINE
I don't know. I don't think this is my blood.

The girls look around, realizing they are alone.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Jackson wasn't in our room either. I think I heard a gunshot. I'm gonna check downstairs. If that old woman is hurt Wayne is gonna be so pissed...

She grabs a blanket off the bed and hurries out the door.

Maxine grabs a LAMP off of the night stand next to her and throws it across the room. It shatters against the wall.

MAXINE
Fuck!

INT. MAIN HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

Lorraine finishes hacking a large crack in the door. She reaches through--

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lorraine twists her arm around, trying to reach the handle. Her fingers scrape along the lock, trying to release it.

She's almost got it when SUDDENLY--

The butt of the SHOTGUN slams down on her hand. She SCREAMS and pulls her arm back, but it gets caught in the splintered wood.

THEN--

Howard hits her again on the wrist with the gun. Breaking her bones. She yanks her arm back through the hole and clutches her mangled fingers.

HOWARD
You're just making things worse.

LORRAINE
Help me! Somebody!

HOWARD
Nobody is coming for you. Get back down in that cellar and be quiet!

Howard points the gun at the crack in the door. He cocks the shotgun and Lorraine lurches out of the way of the barrel.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
You young people never listen.

Howard turns back to the living room.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Exhausted, Howard leans on the television for support. He clutches his chest as he catches his breath. All the commotion is taking a toll. Lorraine continues to SCREAM from the cellar.

HOWARD
Shut up!

Frustrated, he turns on the TV and cranks the knob. The volume is nearly loud enough to drown out the sound of Lorraine.

ON THE SCREEN IS THE TELEVANGELIST.

TELEVANGALIST
Kidnappers, murderers, sex fiends hiding where we least expect. In good Christian homes right under our very noses.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby-Lynne makes her way downstairs wrapped in a blanket. The house is empty, but the back door is wide open.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Jackson? Wayne? Where are you guys?

She walks over to the doorway and sees Pearl standing naked out on the dock.

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
Oh my God...

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Maxine runs the water in the sink and wipes the blood off her body.

MAXINE
Disgusting!

EXT. POND - NIGHT

Bobby-Lynne races down to the dock.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Ma'am? Be careful!

She catches up to Pearl, who is staring out at the water in a daze.

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
It's dangerous. Get away from the edge.

Bobby-Lynne helps Pearl back up.

PEARL
I don't know what came over me...

BOBBY-LYNNE
It's all right. It's ok. You're safe now. I got you.
(beat)
Here--

Bobby-Lynne takes off her blanket and wraps it around Pearl.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Maxine looks into the second guest bedroom and realizes Lorraine and RJ are missing.

MAXINE
Lorraine? RJ?
(beat)
What the hell is going on?

The growing list of missing persons is beginning to make her especially nervous...

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maxine looks out the window, she sees Bobby-Lynne and Pearl on the dock below. She reaches into her pocket, grabs the vial of cocaine and pours a line onto the window sill.

MAXINE
I knew we should have never left the city...Fuck the country.

Maxine inhales the powder into her nostril with one loud SNIFF.

EXT. POND - NIGHT

Bobby-Lynne is scanning Pearl's body for injuries.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Are you hurt? I don't see anything.

Pearl smiles at her. Bobby-Lynne smiles back, letting Pearl know everything is going to be all right--

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
Let's get you back inside. Ok?
(beat)
Have you seen either of the men we came here with?

PEARL
I was young once too, you know?

Bobby-Lynne nods condescendingly.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Yes, Ma'am. I know. My Nana gets confused sometimes as well. I learned all about it. Believe it or not I've even thought about becoming a nurse one day.

Pearl looks back up at Bobby-Lynne and eyes her with disdain.

THEN SUDDENLY--

Pearl slaps her across the face.

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
What the heck did you do that for? I was trying to help you!

Pearl looks at her, coldly.

PEARL
I don't need a nurse.

Pearl edges towards her.

PEARL (CONT'D)
You're so stupid. Why should you get to have it all?

BOBBY-LYNNE
Excuse me?

PEARL
It's not fair. It makes me so angry. What have you ever done except be a whore?

Bobby-Lynne fumes with anger.

BOBBY-LYNNE
Ok, you know what? Fuck you. You don't want my help, no problem. I was just trying to be nice. But the truth is, I don't really give a shit. You mean old ugly bitch.

Pearl gets closer.

BOBBY-LYNNE (CONT'D)
It ain't my fault you didn't live the life you wanted.

Pearl puts her hands on Bobby-Lynne's breasts and shoves her backwards into the pond. Bobby-Lynne splashes into the water and comes up, shocked.

PEARL
You won't either.

SUDDENLY THE ALLIGATOR BURSTS FROM THE WATER, BITES INTO BOBBY-LYNNE'S HEAD AND VIOLENTLY ROLLS HER BACK UNDER THE SURFACE.

Her SCREAMS gargled by the water flooding her lungs.

Howard arrives behind Pearl. He is still fatigued from all the recent commotion.

He watches in shock as the alligator finishes off Bobby-Lynne. Her blonde hair sticking out of it's jaws.

HOWARD
(to Pearl)
Was that the one?

Pearl looks back at him.

PEARL
You know I don't like blondes.

Pearl looks back at the boarding house - REVEALING *MAXINE - MISSING FROM THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW.*

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Howard walks in the back door with his shotgun raised. He bristles at the sight of the mess leftover from the party. Pearl folds in behind him.

HOWARD
Look at this mess. They respect nothing.

PEARL
They deserve everything they get.

He looks out of the front door. No sign of Maxine.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Upstairs.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pearl creeps upstairs and down the hall with Howard right behind her. They look in each empty room along the hall.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pearl and Howard look inside but the room is empty.

HOWARD
Where is she?

PEARL
She couldn't have gotten far.

HOWARD
What about the other fella? Wayne?

PEARL
In the barn. Stuck like the pig he was.

HOWARD
I got one up at the house for you.

PEARL
I don't like her. This one is different. She's special. Like I could have been. We have got to find her, Howard. She can't get away.

Howard sits down on the bed, tired.

HOWARD
She's young. She could be long gone by now.

PEARL
Then we musn't waste anymore time.

HOWARD
(beat)
You know I want to give you what you want, Pearl. But I'm tired.

She recognizes his sincerity.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
I wish my love was still enough...

She sits down next to him.

PEARL
I know.

HOWARD
After all these years...what more can I do?

Pearl takes his hand.

PEARL
Tell me I'm special.

HOWARD
Of course you are.

PEARL
Tell me I'm beautiful.

HOWARD
You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Felt that way since the day we met.

PEARL
Tell me you want me. That I'm yours.

HOWARD
Always. No matter what. You know I'd do anything for you.

She puts his hand between her legs.

PEARL
Then make me feel young again.

HOWARD
What if my heart can't take it?

PEARL
What if it can?

She leans in and kisses him. He kisses her back, deeply. *For the first time in a long time their passion is reignited.*

MEANWHILE - UNBEKNOWNST TO THEM - MAXINE HIDES UNDERNEATH THE BED - TERRIFIED OF BEING FOUND.

Howard and Pearl fall back onto the bed and begin to make love. The mattress hangs down against Maxine as she stays silent - Prodding against her with each of Howard's thrusts.

As their lovemaking becomes more passionate, Maxine realizes it may be her only chance to escape--

She slowly crawls out from under the bed. Quietly sliding along the floor.

Behind her, Howard lies on top of Pearl, pumping between her legs. They both MOAN in ecstasy as Maxine continues to silently sneak towards the door.

HOWARD
Oh, Pearl. I love you so much.

PEARL
Oh, Howard. I love you too.

Maxine continues to crawl towards the door. Their slapping old flesh echoes through the room behind her.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Fuck me! Harder! Harder!

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Finally, Maxine drags herself into the hallway, gets to her feet and hurries to the stairs.

EXT. POWDER KEG FARMS - NIGHT

She frantically runs across the field towards the van. As she nears it, she sees a strange shape lying in the grass.

IT IS RJ'S BODY.

She GASPS in horror as she gets a good look at his partially decapitated head.

Maxine jumps over RJ's body and runs to the driver's side of the van.

The door is still wide open and the BLOODY KITCHEN KNIFE is sticking out of the flat front tire.

Maxine hides behind the door and looks back at the boarding house.

THEN--

She remembers the PISTOL.

She carefully climbs into the front seat and opens the glove box and grabs the gun.

The sun is rising at the end of the long driveway. She contemplates making a run for it, but then remembers--

MAXINE
Lorraine...

She clocks Howard's pickup truck. *That's her escape plan.*

Maxine grips the pistol and makes her way to the main house in search of Lorraine and the keys to the truck...

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - DAWN

Maxine cautiously walks up to the front porch. She can hear the TV from outside.

The CHOIR SINGS THE HYMN - "**IT IS WELL**" on the television.

CHOIR
When peace like a river attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea billows roll; Whatever my lot Thou hast taught me to say...

INT. MAIN HOUSE - DAWN

Maxine sneaks inside.

CHOIR
It is well, it is well with my soul! It is well with my soul!

She slowly makes her way past the television and into the kitchen.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

Maxine edges her way inside.

It's empty.

HOWEVER--

She notices the hole in the cellar door. Careful to be quiet, she inches closer. It is too dark inside the cellar to see much...

MAXINE
(whispered)
Lorraine?

SUDDENLY--

Lorraine's terrified face appears in the hole.

LORRAINE
Let me out of here!

Maxine unlocks the door and Lorraine limps out into the kitchen. A shell of her former self - She is shaking, in hysterics and still clutching the hatchet.

MAXINE
Keep your voice down.

LORRAINE
Don't tell me to be quiet! I was in a dungeon down there!
(MORE)

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
These people are psychos who keep sex slaves! I have to get out of this house right now!

MAXINE
We need to find the keys to their truck. Help me look.

Lorraine shakes her head.

LORRAINE
I never should have listened to any of you. This is all your fault!

MAXINE
Lorraine, I came back for you! We have to stick together.

LORRAINE
Fuck you! I hate you! I hate you so much!

Maxine watches her race out the front door--

MAXINE
Lorraine!

BANG!

The sound of the shotgun erupts from outside - sending Lorraine airborne. *The HATCHET flies from her hand and lands stuck in the wood.*

Maxine ducks back behind the wall of the kitchen. She can hear Howard and Pearl on the front porch.

HOWARD
I told her to stay in the damn cellar.

PEARL
That's alright. We don't need her anymore. We have each other now.

HOWARD
Help me drag the body back inside. If she's in the house it's self defense. That's the law. We're gonna need a believable defense if the other one got away and police come sniffing around.

PEARL
Those people are trash. You don't really think anyone will come for them do you?

HOWARD
I'm not gonna risk it. We need to play it smart, Pearl. No sense going to jail over this mess. If nobody shows up by tomorrow we can dump her in the pond with the others. Which reminds me, we're gonna have to get Wayne out of the barn and sink him too.

PEARL
Not tonight. Let's just be together tonight.

She kisses him, but he is focused on the task at hand.

HOWARD
Pearl--
(frustrated)
Get the door.

Maxine peeks around the corner and sees Howard hand Pearl the shotgun as he struggles to drag Lorraine's body through the door.

He is having a hard time. She is much too heavy and he is far too old and weak. It takes all of his energy to barely move her a few inches.

Lorraine's bottom jaw is missing. A thick BLOOD TRAIL is left behind on the front porch.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
This all used to be a lot easier...

Maxine stays out of sight. She clutches the gun, waiting for the right moment to turn and shoot.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
She's heavier than she looks.

As Howard continues to struggle, Lorraine's body suddenly TWITCHES and BURPS OUT A GLOB OF BLOOD.

Startled, Howard drops Lorraine's legs and stumbles back against the wall.

PEARL
Howard?

He doesn't respond. He is frozen in place against the wall.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Howard?

He tries to breathe but can't get any air.

PEARL (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

He moves his hand to his chest and then collapses hard onto the floor.

Maxine hears the THUD of his body, followed by Pearl's SCREAMS.

She looks around the corner to see Howard lying on his back clutching his chest, gasping for air and Pearl kneeling over him.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Howard? Howard!

She pounds on his chest but he is non-responsive. His eyes locked wide open.

As Maxine listens to Pearl's panic, she realizes this is her moment to strike...

HOWARD IS HAVING A HEART ATTACK.

Maxine turns the corner and aims the pistol at Pearl, who looks up at her in horror.

MAXINE
Where are the keys to the truck?

PEARL
He's having a heart attack!

MAXINE
I don't give a fuck. Where are the keys!?

PEARL
Please...help him.

Pearl turns back to Howard and shakes him.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Stay with me, Howard. Stay with me!

Maxine cocks the pistol.

MAXINE
Tell me, or I shoot.

Pearl looks up at her. No longer threatening - *reduced to a helpless old woman.*

PEARL
In the kitchen. Next to the stove.

Maxine backs up as Pearl continues to cradle Howard.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Howard! You can't leave me here all alone.

As Pearl holds onto Howard he slowly fades away in her arms.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

Maxine rushes into the kitchen and over to the stove.

PEARL
(O.S.)
You're all I have. You're the love of my life. Please...

Sure enough, the KEYS are in a tray next to a PICTURE OF HOWARD AND PEARL ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Maxine walks back into the room, disgusted at the sight of Pearl.

THE TELEVANGALIST HAS RETURNED TO THE TV.

TELEVANGALIST
Here we all are together again. We have reached a crossroads.

PEARL
You'll go for help, won't you? Send them here for my Howard?

MAXINE
I'm gonna make sure you rot for what you've done.

TELEVANGALIST
The time is now. And we all must choose. Salvation or damnation?

The congregation shouts **SALVATION!**

PEARL
What I've done? What about you?
You're not so innocent.

Pearl struggles back to her feet - blocking the door.

PEARL (CONT'D)
I saw what you did in the barn.

Maxine points the pistol at her. The Televangalist chimes in again.

TELEVANGALIST
For if we do not take control of our own fate, the Lord shall do it for us.

PEARL
You don't think I know who you really are? Deviant little whore. I was young once too, remember? We're the same.

Maxine seethes while the Televangalist continues to shout from the pulpit.

TELEVANGALIST
It is time we turn our backs on sin and make the commitment once and for all.

PEARL
You'll end up just like me.

MAXINE
I'm nothing like you...
(beat)
You're a kidnapping, murdering, sex fiend. I'm a fucking star. The whole world is gonna know my name.

Pearl stares at Maxine. Rage forming behind her eyes - just as the Televangalist hits his peak.

TELEVANGALIST
Say it with me, now!

MAXINE
(in unison with the congregation)
I will not accept a life I do not deserve.

THE CONGREGATION ERUPTS IN APPLAUSE!

MAXINE (CONT'D)
(beat)
Stop fucking staring at me.

Pearl lets out her PRIMAL WAIL.

She bends down to pick up Howard's shotgun.

MAXINE PULLS THE TRIGGER--

CLICK.

She pulls it again.

CLICK.

And again

CLICK CLICK CLICK.

No bullets.

Pearl tries to aim the shotgun at Maxine, but is too weak for the heavy weapon.

She fires, but only grazes Maxine's arm. The rest of the buckshot hits the television.

The recoil of the gun launches Pearl's back against the screen door, which rips--

Her body tumbles down the front steps into the grass, BREAKING HER HIP.

She WAILS in pain from outside...

Maxine slowly stands back up, in shock.

She looks at her bleeding arm and at the smoking TV. The screen is cracked but the Televangelist is still going.

TELEVANGALIST
Now that's what I call Divine intervention! The Lord smiles on those who accept Him. Praise his name!

The congregation shouts **PRAISE THE LORD!** And the choir again erupts in song.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - DAWN

Maxine steps out onto the front porch. Her injured arm leaves a trail of speckled BLOOD behind her. She looks down at what's left of Pearl. A broken, feeble pile.

PEARL
(moaning)
My hip. I can't move...
(beat)
Help me...

Pearl looks up at her. A pitiful mess. Maxine puts her finger to her lips as if to say: **SHH** - And walks off to Howard's truck - *Leaving Pearl to die.*

INT. TRUCK - DAWN

Maxine struggles inside the truck and starts the engine.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - DAWN

Pearl lies in agony. Her rage overflowing.

PEARL
Harlot! Jezebel! I'll tell everyone what you've done. It'll all be taken from you just like it was from me! You're not innocent! You won't get away. I know who you really are! You're just like me!

SUDDENLY THE TRUCK BACKS OVER PEARL'S HEAD.

INT. TRUCK - DAWN

Maxine puts the truck back in drive.

MAXINE
It'll be our secret...

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAWN

Maxine drives down the long, wooded driveway towards the road. She glances at herself in the rearview mirror. A WOODEN CRUCIFIX dangles from the mirror.

MAXINE
Divine intervention...

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the vial of cocaine. She dabs the last bit on her hand.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Praise the fucking Lord.

She smiles and takes one big final snort just as she clears the end of the driveway.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAWN

The truck turns down the open road and iconically rides off into the sunrise--

AN INSTRUMENTAL OF LANDSLIDE BY FLEETWOOD MAC BUILDS IN THE SOUNDTRACK...

ABRUPT CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sheriff Dentler walks out of the cellar, through the kitchen and into the living room (a continuation of the opening scene).

He looks around in shock. The Televangalist is still going on the cracked television. A PHOTO of a YOUNG GIRL flashes on screen. Her face half covered in FRECKLES.

TELEVANGALIST
There she is. Our beautiful little daughter **Maxine.** Lured into a life of sin by the very deviants we warn of here on a daily basis. From our loving home into the hands of devils. We pray one day she'll find her way home to us...

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Sheriff Dentler wanders back to his car.

He steps past RJ's covered body.

In the distance he can see more OFFICERS pulling Wayne's body from the barn. *This is quickly becoming one of the most horrific crime scenes he has ever encountered.*

Officer Mitchell eventually catches up behind him.

OFFICER MITCHELL
What do you reckon happened, Sheriff?

Sheriff Dentler looks around at the mess.

SHERIFF DENTLER
How the hell should I know?

Another DEPUTY walks up and hands Officer Mitchell RJ's **16MM CAMERA.**

DEPUTY
One of our guys found this inside.

Officer Mitchell looks at it. He presents it to Sheriff Dentler.

OFFICER MITCHELL
What do you think is on it?

Sheriff Dentler looks at it, unimpressed.

SHERIFF DENTLER
From the looks of everything...
(beat)
I'd say one Goddamn fucked up horror picture.

CUT TO BLACK: